

The Historie of

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath bene the spoyle of me.

*Bar.* *Sir Iohn*, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

*Fal.* Why there is it, come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboue seauen times a weeke, went to Bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed there or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, *Sir Iohn*.

*Fal.* Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dines* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*. But thou art altogether giue ouer, and wert indeede. but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vnter darkenesse. VWhen thou runst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire there's no purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Tryumph, and euermlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt *Tauerne* & *Tauerne*: But the Sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnd.

Henry t

How now, dame *Partlet* the H yet who pickt my Pocket?

*Hof.* Why *Sir Iohn*, what do y I keepe theeues in my house, I haz my husband, man by man the tight of a haire was neuer lo

*Fal.* Ye lie *Hofstesse*, *Bardol* and Ile be sworne my Pocket man, goe.

*Hof.* Who I? I defie thee: mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you wel

*Hof.* No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe *Sir Iohn*, you oweme money rell to beguile me of it: I boug backe.

*Fal.* *Douglas*, filthy *Douglas*: wiues, they haue made Boulte

*Hof.* Now as I am a true won owe money heere besides, *Sir* ings, and mony lent you, xx

*Fal.* He had his part of it, le

*Hof.* He? alas he is poore, he

*Fal.* How; poore? looke v let them coine his Nose, let th a denyer: what, will you make mine ease in mine Inne, but I lost a seale Ring of my Grand

*Hof.* O Iesu, I haue heard th oft, that that Ring was Copp

*Fal.* How? the *Prince* is a lac were here, I would cudgel him

*Enter the Prince marching*

*Playing on his T*

*Fal.* How now Lad, is the w Must we all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two and two; No

*Hof.* My Lord, I pray you

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